

The Delectable History

OF

Poor Robin

The Merry

Sadler of WALDEN.

SHEWING

Many merry Passages of his Life, of harmless Mirth, to lengthen Delight, and drive away Melancholly.



Printed for J. Conyers, Bookseller, at the sign of the black Raven in Fetter-Lane, near Holborn.

To his unknown Friend, POOR ROBIN,
the Subject of this merry History.

SIR. you are happy thus to have your name
Inrolled in the Kalender of fame :

What others with much hazard scarce attain,
You by the kindness of your friend do gain.

You'l need no Monument over your Grave
To tell the world you were; this book will save
Such needless cost, and make your name survive
So long as any one shall be alive.

You by his pen have equal honour won,
With *Steggin, Archy*, and the Knight o'th'Sun.
Come when it will, your deaths uncertain hour
Which o're your Body only hath a power;
Yet shall your fame survive, your name shall live
Such grace the Muses to these lines do give.



William Lawfintney.
Winstanley

Bought at Oxen 1648



The Delectable HISTORY of
Poor Robin,
The Merry Sadler of *Walden*.

C H A P. II.

The Birth of Poor Robin ; how he was bound
Apprentice to a Sadler, and what a trick he
served his Master.

Poor Robin was born in Saffron Wal-
den, in the County of Essex, of ho-
nest plain Parents, who brought
him up not as our nice Dames do
nowadays, by ejecting of him how much he
should eat, but as the fashion was then, full
fed with gross meats ; so that in few years
he grew a sturdy Lad, and considering his
growth and manners, a man might well say,
Better fed than taught : His Father being
willing he should be able to live in the World
another day, bound him an Apprentice to a
Sad-

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Sadler, one who fitted Robins humour to a hair; for the Master loving strong drink, he thought it should go hard if the man likewise did not sometimes wet his lips with it. It fortuned one time his Master had brewed a Barrell of Beer stronger than ordinary, to the drinking up of which pso^r Robin one night invites five or six of his Comrades, who before the next morning drank it all up: For Robin to excuse himself draws the Spigot out, and throws a Pail full of small Beer, and two or three Pails full of Water under the Tap, and by a wile gets a great Sow into the Cellar; so the next morning when his master arose, all was quiet, and the Sow was blamed for what the Boar-Pig had done.

CHAP 2.

How poor Robin served his Master for sitting up late at Night.

For Robins Master had gotten a Custom that the man did not like of, which was that after he had tiddled all day, (sometimes till ten or eleven a Clock at night) he would then come home, and fall asleep in a Chair: during which time his man must not go to Bed, but wait until his Master awaked. For Robin to break him of this evil Custom: one night when his Master came home soundly fuddled and fallen

of poor Robin the Sadler.

fallen asleep in his Chair, as he was used to do, he made a great fire, and then draws his masters Legs so near thereto, that his Toes touched some of the Coals; which being done, he sits him down in the other corner, to observe the sequel: long had he not late, but his masters Shoes began to fry, whereupon he suddenly awakes, and jumps about as if he had been mad: the man all this while Counterfeits himself asleep, nor would not seem to awake for a good space: at last seeming much to pittie his Masters misfortune, they went to bed: but never after that would his master sit up again to sleep in his Chair.

Chap. 3.

How poor Robin served a Rich Miser.

In the same Town lived a Rich Miser, who had wealth enough to have been Treasurer of the Town, and Wise and answerable for a Beadle of a Parish: this man fuller of faith than good Works, would neither feast the Poor, to relieve their wants, nor yet the Rich, to maintain Brotherly Unity. Now Robin, who hated bad house-keeping as he hated the Devil, resolved to put a trick upon him, the time of year (being then Christmas) made fit for his purpose, and counterfeiting himself to be the Gentlemans man, about ten or eleven a

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Clock at night, just when people were in Bed, he calls at sundry mens doors, inviting them the next day to his Masters (naming the Gentlemans name) to Dinner; whereupon the next day appeared the number of two and twenty in their Roast-meat Apparel, but contrary to their expectation, finding small preparation towards a Dinner, they began to wonder wherefore he had invited them: the Gentleman as much wondered wherefore they came: at last the truth being cleared on both sides, some laugh'd, and some frown'd, and so they all departed home.

C H A P. 4.

How poor *Robin* married, and set up for himself.

Poor *Robin* having served out his Apprentiship, would needs set up for himself, and thereupon hires him a House and Shop; yet considering it was inconvenient for him to live alone, and that two heads were better than one, he resolv'd to do as many others have done, marry in haste, though he repented at leisure. But yet his fortune was better than his deserts: for though she were but a homely Woman with whom he joynd in Matrimony, yet was she provident to live in the World; and for his own part, he stood not much upon beauty, but had rather have a fat Purse than a fair Wife, seeing there was great profit in the one,

of poor *Robin* the Sadler.

one, and less danger of being made a Cuckold by the other; never did couple agree more lovingly together than did this pair at first; inso much, that Duck and Lamb were the ordinary termes he bestowed upon her: Whereupon a Wife of the Town hearing this loving language betwixt them, made this Epigram to be read by any that can understand it.

Poor *Robin* thinks his Wife excells most Dames,

And calls her Duck and Lamb, with such kind Names;

A Duck's a Fowl, a Lamb's a Beast we know

Poor *Robin's* Wife's a foul Beast then I trow.

C H A P. V.

How poor *Robin* served one of his Companions a floyers trick.

Poor *Robin* having set up for himself, (as you have heard) he would oftentimes travel abroad into the Country, to get acquaintance amongst the Gentry; it happened one time, being belated homeward, and his Brain intoxicated with the juice of Bacehus, that he took up his Quarters in a Country Alehouse, where notwithstanding he had gotten a lusty jag before; yet fell he to drinking of Beer and Sider as if his belly were bottomless: at length growing sleepe, he went to

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Now, where it was his chance to be lodged in the same Chamber where one of his Acquaintance was already in Bed : who as he lay down sooner than poor Robin, so the next morning was he sooner got up, providing a Pot and a Toast ready against poor Robin arose, but a foul mischance befell poor Robin in the mean time, for the Wine, Beer, and Hyder not agreeing together in his Body, he very mannishly (sic reverence) beshit the Bed. Whereupon not knowing what to do, and being loath to be discredited, a Trotter came in his Crown, which he presently put in Execution : he takes the Sinking Sheets from off his own bed, and lays them on his Friends, and then takes his and lays them on his own bed : so spreading the Coverlid, as if nothing were amiss, he makes himself ready, and down Stairs he goes ; no sooner was he below, but his friend Arrests him at Mr. Fox's Suit, and by all means would make him pay his Groat for being drunk ; poor Robin excused himself as well as he could, and would be judged by his Landlord whether he was fuddled or no ; whilst they were thus hanging about paying the Groat, the Maid went up into the Chamber to make the beds ; but finding the one of them in a piteous pickly, she came chafing down, calling the

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the man, beasty fellow, and nasty Knave, with other Billings-gate Language, such as came first at her tongues end, the man imagined her to be mad, thus to scold for nothing, till in the end she told him in plain terms, he had besotted the bed. La ye now, quoth poor Robin, I will be judged by my Landlord, whether of us was most fuddled last night: Truly, said the Host, I can judge no other ways but that he was, else would he never apleid such a nasty Trick: Whereupon it was adjudged by all the company that the man should pay his Goat, and poor Robin go scot-free.

CHAP. 6.

Of a very sad disaster that besel unto
poor Robin.

I hapned on a time during these late unhappy Wars, that all the Essex Train-Bands were assembled at Walden, to Resist the Kings Forces, who in a Brabado had made their Excursions as far as unto Huntingdon: amongst other Military Weapons of Destruction, they brought with them a Drake, which they planted just under poor Robin's Chamber window, to be shot off at nine of the Clock in the night, for a warning to all people to repair home. Now Robin and his wife were at that time newly gone to Bed: now it is to be understood, that the Chamber
where

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Where they lay went but half way over the Room below, a Rail of about some four foot high being set up by the side to keep them from falling, close by which Rail was poor Robin's Bed: the season then being indifferent warm, and poor Robin apt for Venereal Excesses, he would needs have a touch upon Cracker with his Wife, but whilst they were busie at their sport, the Drake was shot off, which poor Sarah his wife hearing, in a marvellous fright, gave a sudden start, and threw poor Robin quite over the Rail into the Room below, and very foully betrayed the bed, poor Robin himself much bruised in body, and half dead, at length got up, but his Courage was so cooled with the greatness of the fall, that he had more mind to go to a Chyrurgion than a wench.

C H A P. 7

How poor Sarah was cheated of her Mutton.

Poor Sarah on a time had made a very great Pye, wherein she had put a whole Loyn of Mutton, besides some of other Meats, so that it was valued to be worth five or six Shillings at least; this Pye she sent to the common Oven to bake, which being perceived by three or four merry Blades, they resolved if they could possibly to cheat her of the Pye, which at last they

of Poor Robin the Sackell

they brought to pass, in this manner: At such
time as the Baker used to draw, two of them
went and held poor Sarah in a Cage, whilst the
other sent one of her Neighbours home to the
Bake-house with a Peat, in Naphtin, and Honey
for the baking. The Baker mistrustful of
Knavery, delivered the Boy the Apron, which was
presently carried to the next Ale-house, whither
meeting some more of their Companions, with
them, with much mirth and laughter they eat
it up: and because the Jest should be publique-
ly known, they let the Cryer to work, who
published the same in every Corner of the
Town.

C H A P. 8.

How poor Robin kist his Wifes Back-side

instead of her Mouth

Poor Robin having been out very late one
night, his understanding being eclipsed,
he mistook himself, and went in at the Wifes
Feet instead of the head of it: where remem-
bering how by his ill husbandry he had offend-
ed his Wife, to appease her anger, he falls to
kissing her posteriors, imagining it had been
her Mouth, but finding the platform big-
ger than his face, he asks her the question
if her Cheeks were swell'd: she for answer
returns him a Foist, which made him to ask
her

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her again, if her breath did stink : whereupon
he burlesking out in a very great laughter, let
fly such a crack, that the grains flew about his
face : whereupon in a great rage turning him
on the other side, you beaustly quere (quoth he)
must you spit in my face, the Devil himself shall
kiss you, e're I will kiss you again.

C H A P. 9.

How poor Robin eat Dogs-stones instead of
Lambs-stones.

AS poor Robin was more addicted to flesh
than to fish, so of all sorts of flesh he lo-
ved a dish of Lambs-stones best : a merry-dis-
posed Companion knowing his Appetite, re-
solved to put a trick upon him : a Gentleman of
the Town who kept a pack of Hounds, having
gelt his Dogs, he gets the Stones, and with
a few Sweet-breads, presents them to poor Ro-
bin as a dainty dish. Poor Robin very thank-
ful for so great a kindness, would not stay, but
presently had them dressed, making all the haste
he could for fear any should come in to be parta-
kers with him in his Dinner : but having eaten
them and understood the truth, he fell on spew-
ing as if his Gall would come up with it :
Poor Sarah in like manner disgorged her
Stomach, that who should have seen them,
would have concluded them drunk with eating.

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of poor *Robin* the Sadler.

CHAP. X.

A witty Jest that poor *Robin* gave to a Serjeant

THe Bleu Regiment of Train Souldiers being on a time at Walden, one of the Serjeants to show his bravery, had gotten a great Bleu Scarf about his middle, being as much or more than the Ensign had in his Colours. For *Robin* thinking him to be too fine to fight, would venture to put a jest upon him: and calling to him, asked if he wanted any work, why, quoth the Serjeant, what makes you to ask? O, cry you mercy, quoth poor *Robin*, I was mistaken in you, I took you at first for a Shoo-maker, because you had gotten your Bleu Apron before you.

CHAP. XI.

How poor *Robin* won five shillings
by kissing his Hostess.

FOR *Robin* with some other of his mates, being drinking in an Ale-house, where was an exceeding tall Hostess, one of them proffered to lay five shillings, (because poor *Robin* was low) that he should not kiss her as
he

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he stoal upon the ground : Poor Robin nothing daunted at his words, accepted the challenge and covered the Pokey : but when he went to kiss her, his mouth would not reach much higher than her Apron strings : Whereupon proffering as though he would put his hand under her Cloas, he made her stoop to put it by ; then he clasping his Arms about her neck, gave her a kiss, and so won the wager. .

Chap. 12.

Poor Robins sayings of Ambitious men.

Poor Robin being in company with some Gentlemen, who were talking of the Ambition of many men now a days, that would venture the loss of their Souls for the gaining of a Kingdom : yea, (quoth poor Robin) but the success of many of them is far different from King Saul's : for he in seeking for Ases found a Kingdom : and they in seeking a Kingdom, find themselves to be Ases.

Chap. 13.

Poor Robins Journey to London.

Poor Robin having never been at London in his life, and very desirous to see the City, whose name rang so loud in every Mans mouth, he resolved to make a Journey thither, and spend some time in viewing the Rarities of the same : but because he was unacquainted

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acquainted with the City customs, he got a companion of his to go along with him : no sooner were they past Aldgate, but poor Robin seeing such a number of signs, he whispered with his friend, Certainly (quoth he) they must needs be all drunkards that lyes in this place, I never saw so many Ale-houses together in my Life : and thereupon beckoning to his Companion, enters into one of the Shops, and calls for a Jugg of Beer : but they making him acquainted with his errour, how they sold no drink, but if he wanted any thing else they could furnish him with it : he presently without any studying, asks them to shew him a pair of Bedging Globes : whereupon changing their opinion, instead of a fool they took him for a jeering Companion : and to fit him for his Globes, had him to the Pump, and soundly bedzencht him from the head to the foot. Yet notwithstanding this harsh Entertainment at first, having occasion to go through Birching-Lane, and being asked by the Sales-men, Country-man, what lack you ? Harry, quoth he, that which I fear you cannot furnish me withal : and being importuned by them to know what it was, Why, (quoth he) that which you have none of, I mean Honesty. Right approaching, Poor Robin and his walking Mate repaired to

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to their Inn, where after they had Supt, and drank five or six Juggs of Beer with the Host of the House and some of his men, (for Inn-keepers servants drink most of their Beer at other mens cost) his Friend loving no Tobacco, and poo: Robin himself despying that Heathenish Weed, to pass away the time, they agreed amongst themselves, that every one of the Company should either tell a Tale, or sing a Song. Poo: Robin, who first mentioned the same, beginning in this manner.

Chap. 14.

A Tale of a Pack of Cards.

Not many Ages since, a Parson of a Country Village, was accused to a Committee that he was a great Gamester at Cards: being so addicted thereunto, that he would oftentimes play on Sundays: the Committee thus informed, sent forthwith for the Parson, to answer his accusation: who receiuing the Warrant, made no excuses or delay, but with all the haste he could, made his appearance before them; with whom also came the Informer to justifie his Accusation. Being thus met together, the Committee began to school the Parson, that one of his calling should be addicted to such Vice, as to be noted for a Common player at Cards. Indeed, said the Parson, I am so far from the same, that I do not know
what

of poor *Rabin* the Sadler.

What a pair of Cards meaneth. Sir, quoth the In-
former, if you please to search his Pockets, I
believe you will find a pair there at this pre-
sent, for he seldom goeth without such tack-
ling; whereupon the Committee commanding
his pockets to be searched, they found a pair of
Cards there indeed; but the Parson denied them
for to be Cards, saying, they may be Cards to
you, but to me they are an Almanack: and be-
ing demanded how he could make it appear,
he answered thus: First (quoth he) here is as
many suites of Cards as there be quarters in
a year; and as many Court Cards as there be
months in a year; as many Cards as there
are weeks in a year; and as many spots as
there be days in a year. Then when I look
upon the King, it puts me in mind of the alle-
giance that I owe to my Sovereign Lord the
King, looking upon the queen, puts me in mind
of the like Allegiance that I owe to the Queen;
the ten puts me in mind of the ten Command-
ments; the nine of the nine Muses; the eight
of the eight Altitudes; the seven of the seven
liberal Sciences; the six of the six days we
ought to labour in: the five of the five Sen-
ses; the four of the four Evangelists; the three
of the Trinity; the two of the two Sa-
craments; & the Ace, that we ought to worship
but one God. Truly, quoth the Committee;

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of this beall the use you can make of them, I
can stand no great fault with you; but Mr.
Person, of all the Cards that you have nomi-
nated, you have forgotten the Knave; pray
what use make you of him? O Sir, said he,
(pointing to him that was his accuser) that I
suppose is your Whippersnapper.

OF THE
CITY OF
A. P. K. M.

How poor Robin served a Bricklayer.

Not long after, poor Robin having been
late abused amongst his poor companions
and being elevated with Sir, he resolved once
more to counterfeit himself a Gentlemans
son, at the same time was a very deep Snow;
whereupon he calls at a Bricklayers house; tel-
ling him his Master (naming a Gentleman
that lived some two mile off; and where he
knew that Bricklayer used to work) would
have him come on the morning; and bring a
bunch of Lath with him, to mend up a ceiling
which the Snow had broken down; the next
morning the Bricklayer got up betimes, and
with a bunch of Lath on his shoulder, went to
the Gentlemans house, being each step almost
up to the knees in Snow, but the weather was
not more cold than his entertainment, for the
Gentleman thinking he came to let him, swore
at him like a Cut-purse. Whereupon the poor
Bricklayer was forced to go home again like a
fool as he came.

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of poor Robin the Sadler.

Chap. 16.

A Scottish Marriage.

WE don't use to call in Scotland as you wad in England; Jocky comes to the Kirk, & takes Sir Donkyn by the Rochet and says good morn Sir Donkyn. What's the matter Jocky, what's the matter? a Wadding, a Wadding says he, Deant you for the Hoppers and the Skippers, and all the Rads of the Gang? He do, He come to you he lieve. Then Sir Donkyn Gangs to the Kirk; I spee, and I spee; ho a Deal do you spee? Jocky of the high Lane, and Jenny of the long Cliff: if any know why these twa may not be wadded together, let them now speak, or hold their tongues in the Deans Name. Jocky, wilt thou ha Jenny to thy wadded Wife? I sha, Jocky san after me, I sha; Jocky wilt thou ha Jenny to thy wadded Wife, forsaking all Soons, Lubbar-logans, Swig-bellied Calves, black Lips, and blew Noses? ay forsooth. If these twa be not as well wadded as e're I wadded twa these seven years, the Deal and St. Andrew part them.

The wadding being ended, all the company went to bed; where we will leave them till the next morning, to relate poor Robins perambulation about the City.

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Chap. 17.

Poor *Robins* perambulation about the City.

NO sooner did Apollo begin to appear in the Eastern Horizon, but poor Robin shaking off melancholly sleep roused his companion to prepare himself for their intended perambulation: and having armed themselves with a pot of nappy Ale, they took their first walk to see the Royal Exchange, a most magnificent structure, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, from thence they went to take a view of Leaden Hall, but the exceeding bravery of the Exchange had so dimmed the beauty of this place, that was nothing pleasing to poor Robins eye, he made no tarrying there, but went presently down to the Tower, where having seen the Lyons, and from the Wharf taken a superficial view of the Bridge, as also of some Ships, upon the River of Thames. weary of beholding such trivial matters as these, he had far more devotion to go see a Puppet-play; where for one penny charges he saw that which gave him far more content than any thing he had seen before, so admirable pleasing to his fancy was it, to see how those little pretty things hop'd about: but lest he should take a surfeit with such ravishing delights, his Friend perswaded him to go see the ancient Cathedral of St. Paul, being at that present made a

hoyle.

of poor Robin the Sadler.

horse-guard by the Souldiers, which poor Robin beholding, What blessed Reformation, quoth he, have we here, for in our Country can we scarce perswade men to go to Church, and here comes men and horses too; but having quickly satisfied themselves with the sight of Pauls, they would in the next place to visit Westminster, the rather because it was at that present Term time; where beholding such a number of Lawyers in their Gowns, Good God, said he, send me safe out of this place, if two or three make such a quarter in our Town, certainly there would be no abiding there for men in their wits. A Country Gentleman over-hearing him, I remember (quoth he) I over-heard a story of a certain man, that went down into Hell, wherein he beheld men of all professions, age, and conditions, saving only Lawyers, which made him the more to wonder, because he imagined them all there, and asking the Devil the reason thereof, he made this reply, We have them here though you see them not, but we are forced to keep them in a Room by themselves, least they should set all the devils in Hell at variance. Poor Robin laughed very heartily at this tale, and having now satisfied his mind concerning London, he returned to his Inn, and having discharged all reckonings, his friend and he returned home.

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Chapter 8.

Many odd Whimfies and Conceits of
poor Robin.

Poor Robin daily frequenting the Tavern
and Alehouse, had learned of his Compa-
nions many drunken Whimfies and other odd
Conceits, as the Use properties that belongs
to an Hoss, that He must have the Head of a
Stag, the back of a Nag, the Belly of a Hog,
skip up and down like a Frog, and lye and
fawn like a Dog. As also, four ingredients
whereof a womans tongue is made, viz. The
sound of a great Bell, the wagging of a Dogs
tail, the shaking of an Aspen-leaf, tempered
with Running Water. These following Pa-
radoxes were also very often rehearsed by poor
Robin.

Spurs would be out of fashion were it not
for Horse-courfers.

True men would be scarce, were not Tay-
lors so plentiful.

Many men are forc'd to climb the Gallows,
yet few like Dogs are hanged for their skins.

A Miller is a tight time-observer, for he
evermore turns with the Wind.

A silent Woman is a Creature to be admi-
red, (if scarceness may breed admiration.)

When poor Robin had gotten a cup in his
crown, as it oftentimes happened, he would
be

of poor Robin the Sadler,
be then playing the Poet, and nothing but
rhime should come out of his mouth; for as
one writes:

Poet and Pot do differ but one letter,
And that makes Poet love the pot the better
Amongst other of his Conceits, this fol-
lowing Comparison was much used by him.

Like a purse that hath no chink in't,
Or a Celler, and no drink in't;

Like a Jewel never worn,
Or a Child untimely born:

Like a Song without a toot,
Or a Bond and no Hand to t:

Such doth she seem unto mine eyes
That lives a Virgin till she dyes.

Women, said he, are all in extremes, ei-
ther too willing, or too wilful; too forward,
or too froward; too courteous, or too coy;
too friendly, or too fiendly, the mean they al-
waies meanly account of. This made Armi-
nus a Ruler in Carthage, refuse to marry;
saying, If I marry a Wife, she will be wilful,
if wealthy, then wanton; if poor, then revish;
if beautiful, then proud; if deformed, then
loathsome; and the least of these is able to kill
a thousand men.

FINIS.

*Books printed for and sold by Joshua Con-
yers at the Black Raven in Fetter-lane.*

1. **T**he Rules of Civility, or the Art of good Breeding and Behaviour.
2. **L**illies new Erra pater, or prognostication for ever.
3. The English Fortune-teller, describing by the Moles of the Face, and by palmistry by the Lines of the hand, and Dreams, the good and bad fortune of Men and Women.
4. The Shepherds new Kalender, a Book of Fortune.
5. A hundred notable things for a peny.
6. The English Mountebanks new Book of Merry Conceits.
7. Second part of Dr. Faustus.
8. The History of Fortunatus.
9. A new Academy of Complements, with new Songs, sung at Court and play-house.
10. A new parliament of Women.
11. Dr. Lillies last Legacy, a Book of choice Receipts of physick.
12. Dr. Culpeper's English physicians daily practise, a Book of choice Receipts of physick.
13. Dr. Salvator Winter's new Book of choice Receipts of physick and Chyrurgery.
14. The Ladies cabinet, a new Book of cookery.
15. The History of Reynard the Fox.

*Where Chapmen may be furnished with all sorts
of Books and Ballads.*

The most
stupid stuff
that ever was
pronounced